

1076. 216 #

A

STRANGE and WONDERFUL

Relation of the Life and Death of *Roger Wrightson*, and *Martha Railton*, of the City *Durham*.
Shewing how the young Man fell sick on *Shrove Tuesday* last, and died the 13th of *March* following: Wherein is set forth the hard Usage which the young Woman met with during the Time of his Sickness; and upon hearing the first Toll of the passing Bell, she fainted away; but by the Shrieks and Cries of her Mother and a young Woman, call'd her back again, and in amazed Condition continued about twelve Hours, and then she died. Also, the weeping Lamentation made by both Friends at the Grave, wherein she was first decently laid, and then him; being a fit Pattern for all young Men and Women to prove constant in Love; with a Word of Advice to all hard-hearted Parents, not to cross their Children in Love.

N. B. He was observed to say three Times, (just before he died) *Martha, Martha, come away.*



Love is stronger than Life.



A STRANGE WONDERFUL, &c.

Roger *Wrightson*, Son to Roger Wrightson, of the City of Durham, courted Widow *Railton's* Daughter, in the same Town, and has done more than a Year. On *Shrove Tuesday* last he fell sick, and languished till *Sunday* next but one following, and then died — Poor *Martha Railton*, for that was the Maid's Name whom he courted) tho' privately, took heavily on all that Time, and only had declared to her Sister and another, that if he died, she could not live. An honest Friend is unworthily blamed for doing what I would have done myself, had I known it; for *Martha Railton*, begged of him to go and see young *Roger*, and tell him she would gladly come and see him, if he thought fit (knowing all his Father's Family was against her) *Roger* answered Nay, nay, T—my our Folks will be mad, but tell her I hope I shall recover. Well, the poor Lass, almost dead in Sorrow, first sends an Orange, but *Roger's* Mother sent it back; yet about three Days before his Death, *Martha* went: His Mother was so civil as to leave her by his Bed-side, and ordered her Daughter *Hannah* to come away, but she would not: Poor *Martha* wanted only to speak three Words to him, and altho' she staid two Hours, yet *Hannah* would not let her have an Opportunity, and so in
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a sorrowful Manner she left him. Her Book was her constant Work, *Friday, Saturday, and Sunday*, and she would oft say to herself, Oh, you *Hannah*! if he dies, my Heart will burst. So on the same *Sunday* se'nnight, at Five o'Clock in the Afternoon, the Bell was told for him, and upon the first Toll, *Martha* laid by her Book, got her Mother in her Arms, with Oh! dear Mother, he's dead, I cannot live: About three Minutes after *Thomas Petty*, went in and desired her to be more easy: Her Answer was, Nay, nay, now my Heart is burst; and so in mournful Cries and Prayers, was fainter and fainter for about three Hours, and seemed to breathe her last; but her Mother and another Girl of the Town, shrieked aloud, and so call'd her back again, as they term it, and in amazed Manner, distorted with Convulsion Fits, (just as it is described in *Dr. Taylor's* holy living and dying) stay'd her Spirits ten or twelve Hours longer, and then she died.

At last Things was brought to this Issue, to be both buried in one Grave, and the Corpse met at the Church-gate, (but *Hannah* objected against their being buried together, as also she did at her being laid first in the Grave) but was answer'd, That a Bride was to go first to Bed; she being asked why she should be so proud and inhumane: Answered, That she said *Martha* might have taken fairer on, or have been hanged. But Oh! the loud Mourning of Friends on both Sides, at the Corpse meeting, and more at the Grave; wherein first she was decently laid, and then he.



A STRANGE and WONDERFUL, &c.

GOOD Christian People pray attend,
 To what I do in Sorrow sing;
 My bleeding Heart is like to rend
 At the sad Tidings which I bring:
 Of a young Couple, whom cruel Fate,
 Design'd to be unfortunate.

Let *Carthage* Queen be now no more
 The Subject of your mournful Song;
 Nor such odd Tales which heretofore,
 Did so amuse the teeming Throng;
 Since the sad Story which I'll tell,
 All other Tragedies excel.

In Durham's beautiful fair Town,
 Of late did *Roger Wrightson* dwell;
 He courted *Martha Railton*, who
 In virtuous Works did most excel:
 Yet *Roger's* Friends would not agree,
 That he to her should married be.

Their Love continued one whole year,
 Full fore against their Parents Will;
 But when he found them so severe,
 His loyal Heart began to chill:
 And last *Shrove Tuesday* took his Bed,
 With Grief and Woes incompass'd.

Thus

Thus he continued twelve Days Space,
 In Anguish and in Grief of Mind;
 And no sweet Rest in any Case,

This ardent Lover's Heart could find:
 But languish'd in a Train of Grief,
 Which pierc'd his Heart beyond Relief.

Martha with anxious Thoughts possess'd,
 A private Message to him sent,
 Acquainting him she could not rest,

Until she had seen her loving Friend:
 His Answer was, Nay, nay, my Dear,
 Our Folks will angry be I fear.

Full fraught with Grief, she took no Rest,
 But spent her Time in pain and Fear,
 Until few Days before his Death;

She sent an Orange to her Dear:
 But's cruel Mother, in Disdain,
 Did send the Orange back again.

Three Days before her Lover's Death;
 Poor *Martha* with a bleeding Heart;
 To see her dying Lover lay'd,

In hope to ease him of his Smart,
 Where she's conducted to the Bed,
 On which this faithful young Man laid.

Where she with doleful Cries beheld,
 Her fainting Lover in Dispair;
 Which did her Heart with Sorrow fill,

Small was the Comfort she had there:
 Tho's Mother shew'd her great Respect,
 His Sister did her much reject.

She

She staid two Hours with her Dear,
 In Hopes for to declare her Mind;
 But *Hannab Wrightson*, stood so near,
 No Time to do it she could find:
 So that being almost dead with Grief,
 Away she went without Relief.

Tears from her Eyes did flow amain,
 And she full oft would sighing say,
 My constant Love, alas! is vain,
 And to pale Death become a prey:
 Oh! *Hannab*, *Hannab*, thou art base;
 Thy Pride will turn to foul Disgrace.

She spent her Time in Godly Prayers,
 And quiet Rest from her did fly;
 She to her Friends full oft declares,
 She could not live if he did die:
 Thus she continued till the Bell,
 Began to sound his fatal Knell.

And when she heard the dismal Sound,
 Her Godly Book she cast away,
 With bitter Cries would pierce the Ground,
 Her fainting Heart began t' decay:
 She to her pensive Mother said,
 I cannot live now he is dead.

Then after three short Minutes Space,
 As she in Sorrow groaning lay;
 A Gentleman did her embrace;
 And mildly unto her did say,
 Dear melting Soul be not so sad,
 But let your Passion be allay'd.

Her

Her Answer was, My Heart is burst,
 My Span of Life is near an End;
 My Love from me by Death is forc'd,
 My Grief no Soul can comprehend:
 Then her poor Soul did soon wax faint,
 When she had ended her complaint.

For three Hours Space as in a Trance,
 This broken-hearted Creature lay;
 Her Mother wailing her Mischance,
 To pacify her did essay:
 But all in vain, for Strength being past,
 She seemingly did breathe her last.

Her Mother thinking she was dead,
 Began to shriek and cry amain;
 And heavy Lamentation made,
 Which call'd her Spirits back again:
 To be an object of hard Fate,
 And give to Grief a longer Date.

Distorted with Convulsions, she
 In dreadful Manner grasping lay,
 Of twelve long Hours no Moment free,
 Her bitter Groans did all dismay:
 Then her poor Heart being sadly broke,
 Submitted to the Fatal Stroke.

When things was to this Issue brought,
 Both in one Grave was to be laid;
 But fiery-hearted *Hannah* thought,
 By stubborn Means for to periwade,
 Their Friends and Neighbours from the same,
 For which she surely was to blame.

And

And being ask'd the Reason why,
 Such base Objections she did make;
 She answer'd thus Scornfully,
 In Words not fit for *Billinggate*,
 She might have taken fairer on,
 Or else be hang'd: Oh! Heart of Stone.

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What Hell-born Fury had possess'd
 Thy vile inhuman Spirit thus;
 What swelling Rage was in thy Breast,
 That could occasion this Disgust?
 And make thee shew such Spleen and Rage,
 Which Life can't cure, nor Death assuage.

Sure some of Satan's minor Imps,
 Ordained was to be thy Guide;
 To act the Part of fordid Pimps,
 And fill thy Heart with haughty Pride;
 But take this Caveat once for all,
 Such dev'lish Pride must have a Fall.

But when to Church the Corpse was brought,
 And both of them met at the Gate;
 What mournful Tears by friends was shed,
 When that alas! it was too late;
 When they in silent Grave was laid,
 Instead of pleasing Marriage Bed.

You Parents all both far and near,
 By this sad Story Warning take;
 Not to your Children be severe,
 When they their Choice in love do make:
 Let not the love of cursed Gold,
 True Lovers from their Loves with-hold.

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